

Durham Technical
Community College
Volume 2 Number 1



The
Final Draft

Spring 1991

Special Thanks To:

The DTCC faculty, for encouraging submissions
Janyth Fredrickson, Dean of the College Transfer Dept.
Barbara Wolf, Faculty Advisor Extraordinaire
Dwight Patterson
Page Seay, Advertising
Margaret Morgan, Desk Top Publishing
Ralph Morgan, Computer Consultant
And Very Special Thanks To:

All those who submitted material for this magazine. We had so much excellent material that it was very hard for the editors to make the necessary cuts. please continue to submit your material for the next issue, in hopes *The Final Draft* will grow.

Sincerely,

Kimberly Pitts, Editor-in-chief

The Final Draft

is the literary magazine of
Durham Technical Community College
1637 Lawson St. 318-A Phillips Building,
Durham, N.C., 27703



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Bliss

Bliss
Fire and Water
Water and Sky
Gentle Moonsong drifting by
Distant Thunder
Dancing Rain
Sculptured, icy window pane
Summer Morning
Daffodils
Perfumed our Enchanted Wills
Elven Forest
Drenched in Dawn
Sprite dance to a Twinkle Song
Seeking Someone
Came you there
Beautiful! So young and fair
Magic Cottage
Lover's Smile
Oh, stay with me!
----just for a while.....

Stacey Nance

DEATH OF A MONK

i "golden key" you
only in my most
concerned efforts.
subconsciously,
i blow your balls
to kingdom come.
suddenly you appear by the river;
crouched and feeble.
shaven head
conceals nothing.
white robe
conceals razor scars.
poor old man
you are;
desperately pleading
repentance
for vows
broken.
hands raised skyward,
you worship
your precious mood ring;
praying
that it will be

the deity
that will
finally
absolve you.
prabhupada shakes his finger
at the likes
of you.

-Paula Culver

A Little Alliteration

Cumbersome cadence careening
Carefree, creating cacophony.
Words willfully worked and wrought
Weaving a wondrous story.

- Anonymous

MOON CHILD

It was the first thing that

ever brought me to speak;

It must have touched me deeply as it
shined on me in my father's arms.

We are ourselves more than ever as babies,
unable to hide behind anything.

It is easy to grow farther and farther
away from that as we see the darker side
of this world.

Some run in to the darkness, never looking
back,

and mama's sweet little boy is never seen again.

I have seen my share of darkness
and it damn near ruined me.

I had to search far and wide to find that
moon child of mine.

I have found him now and I am not going to let him go.

Looking upward each night, me and my moon child are

going to chase the moon for all that we are worth.

Still today it strikes a chord in my soul that feels very childlike and innocent,

the harmony or it lifting me above the darkness-I can see my moon child clearly now.

Page Seay

Pain

When a heart is broken,
Cold, black tar fills in the cracks
The point of a blade dulls,
After several stabbings in the back
A child's body numbs,
After years of beatings
A soul becomes empty,
After being used and hurt
Feelings and emotions sink into
a void
When pain rules a weary mind
And eyes become dry,
After much crying

Bobby Normandin

THE GUARDIAN ARRIVES

It was a restless night and the rain pattered against my window pane. To relax, I began to meditate. As I went into a state of higher consciousness, I heard voices all around and saw a figure of a man coming toward me. As it got closer, I recognized that it was my grand-daddy who had died ten years earlier. He looked at me, but spoke no words. I heard voices all around me again saying it was time to contact my kundalini. I knew from past readings and experience that the kundalini was the energy force at the base of the spine.

I remembered trying to contact my kundalini once before and what happened. My whole body became weak and all my bodily functions seemed to have shutdown. I was dead and alive at the same time. Pain seemed to rush through my body. Fear and strength seemed to fight each other and I could not go on. I was not sure if I could withstand the experience again or if I was strong enough. "You are strong enough; that is why you are here," my grand-daddy said. He could hear my thought. In a strange way I felt secure and confident. Grand-daddy embraced me and muttered a chant. When he finished there was a black sphere floating behind him. He said, "When you are ready this sphere will be your guide." He vanished.

When I opened my eyes the sphere was levitating in front of me. I took it and placed it underneath my bed. I was amazed, scared and more restless. Sleep finally came. Two days passed and I decided to contact my kundalini. I deeply concentrated until I reached the point of life and death. Fear constantly ran through my mind. The pain hit me like a train to a car. Strength tried to control me and weakness had just sat in. I could go no further. I heard a humming coming from under my bed. The sphere arose and all actions ceased. A beam of purple light came from the sphere and landed gently on

my forehead. I found myself in a valley and transparent bodies were floating above the hills around me. As I looked around, there was one not so transparent and not so solid--it was Grand-daddy. I began to walk toward him and force held me back. I struggled, but the force would not let me go. Grand-daddy appeared in front of me to let me know that the Spiritual Counselor wanted to test my mental and physical strengths. I asked how, but he reclaimed his post upon the hill. Another spirit appeared in front of me. He put his hand on my head and questioned me using thoughts. When he got too close to my personal self, I closed my mind. This action caught him off guard and he wanted more information. I told him, "No one is to know more about me than I do." One after another came and went. I only let them go as far as I wanted them to go, being in control. Once the mental test was over, the physical test began immediately.

The gentle smile changed to frowns of disgust. A force lifted me one hundred feet in the air and flung me toward the spiny rocks protruding from the ground. my kundalini was then released and I broke the fall with energy found in myself. The force hovered over me; I held out my hand and zapped it out of the air. the spirits continued to test my strength and I found these new powers of ESP and telekinesis. In my final test, all the spirits shot a beam of extraordinary energy on me. I did not believe I could withstand the intense pain and pressure. I used my body as a prism and redirected their energy back to them. With a flash of lightening they all disappeared, except Grand-daddy. He looked at me and smiled with a proud face, then he was gone.

I opened my eyes and was back in my room. I had a purple glow around me and the sphere got brighter. The light from the sphere entered me and then it vanished. I knew I had passed the test, but I did not know what it meant.

I went home to visit my family and everyone was in a happy mood. Mama wanted me to go to the store for groceries. My baby sister wanted to come along with me, something in me said no to her request, but I let her go with me anyway. On our way back home, two men began walking behind us asking me for money and threatening to take our food. My sister was frightened and began running; I ran behind her and the men ran behind me. One of them threw an object and knocked my sister down; she was injured. I stopped and turned around slowly. Anger built up in me. I stared at the two men and felt my power circulate through my body. In watching them, I made them rise above the ground. Branches from nearby trees and rocks off the ground bombarded the men until they were unconscious. I went to check on my sister and noticed she had a cut on her head. I touched her and she was immediately healed. She awakened and only thought she had fallen. we returned home with the food and I told mama what had happened, but left out what I had done.

Later that night, I was in a deep sleep. I awakened and found my body was two inches from the ceiling. I was levitating and did not know it was being done. I gained control of the energy and lowered myself onto my bed. I looked over to my left and mama was standing there watching. I started to explain everything to her. She stopped me and said, "I wondered which of my children would find their lighted energy. It is up to you to teach your brothers, sisters, and others the things you have which have brought you this gift. Go to bed and get some rest; we will talk tomorrow." As she turned around to leave the room, I noticed she had the same purple glow that I had when I awakened from my tests.

Davvid Kearney

crows fly at dawn

The call in the middle of the night came at dawn this morning. It was still dark, but for no good reason the approaching day's presence made itself known.

"Grampa died at 1:28. I'm sorry."

I turn on the clock back and forth in my head as it's three hours later here on the Eastern seaboard.

My last vision before giving up consciousness to sleep now makes sense.

I had wondered what I might do worth doing for him when I got back to California on Wednesday. All I could think of doing was to unleash his limbs from bedside restraints, have the tubes removed, and wheel outside into the air and sunlight. He was an outdoorsman. A hospital was no place for him to die. A dead space. The living have a right to give up life among the living, in the world. Right out in the open.

So, what does one do, half asleep, when a call finally comes? It was a short call. The next two calls went out to my brothers. Short. One knew, the other didn't. Three agreements, promises to talk today during ordinary time, to make the so-called arrangements. Extraordinary accommodations.

Then, an excuse, retrieving the morning newspapers, I walk outside down the drive to the road. Standing barefoot in red pajamas, newspapers at my feet, I watch a new paling sky step back just one step---allowing the soft yellow haze to rise above the hardwood treetops. Three planets still hang overhead, glowing. The whole world is absolutely silent. Clear.

"Goodbye, Grandpa."

I can hear my whisper float away from my lips.

Then, all of a sudden, the nearby oaks are filled with black wings, crow. Flapping in the harsh sound of a dozen cawing crows all flying north. I know now who blows reveille for Grampa's proverbial early birds. No other birds stirred.

I'll be heading west sooner than I had planned. He couldn't wait for me. Anyone might choose freedom first. I would.

"Goodbye, again, Grandpa."

Before I could turn away, papers in my hand, the other birds---jays, Carolina wrens, doves, start to call to each other.

Annie McCombs

MOHAMMED

you stand before me
in white robes and
garnets.

the face that has all
but faded
from my mind.

the smile,
too large
to trust.

the memories arise
dismembered and
threatening.

you miss me,
you command me
to laugh.

you say
you've changed.
you offer gifts
and suddenly
i am the wide-eyed
child
still

in awe
of the
secrets
that roll from
your tongue.
like a frog
catching
a fly.

- Paula Culver

AS I RECALL

The second day was the worst, as I recall. Near as I can figger out, I was unconscious for most of the first day -- floated in and out though. When I would come to, that damned table would be staring down at me. Told her not to get no glass table, 'specially with those sharp edges. Any fool'd know it was a matter of time till somebody got hurt. 'Course it warn't the table, really. I believe I had a stroke -- nobody's ever decided for sure but that's what I've surmised and all. But it sure didn't help havin' that damn sharp edge gouge me on the way down. Didn't like to go to my Maker all battered up. Told her not to but that table -- who ever heard of a glass table to eat off of, anyway? When you stabbed at your food, looked like you was going for your foot.

Like I said, the second day was bad. I warn't all there for much of the first, but by the second, I had come to all the way. Couldn't figger out which was worse -- the pain or the thirst. Lord A'mighty, was I thirsty -- that parched feeling dug right down into my toes. I woulda given a lot for just a sip of cool, clear water -- maybe even my soul, like that fella Faust you hear about. Yeah, I'm almost 'shamed to admit this, but I might have considered it -- I was that dry.

But nobody offered. In fact, nobody came -- that was the problem. Lyin' there all spread-out like a felled chicken -- legs not workin' proper, somethin' wrong with my midsection -- couldn't even drag myself over to the phone to call for help. Kept thinkin' that I was sure to get better -- that I could pull some strength up from somewheres. You read about it all the time -- folks draggin' theirselves for ten miles or so when they're half-dyin' -- don'tcha believe it -- I;m here to tell you it just ain't so. If you hurt, you hurt. And sometimes you can't do nothin' but lie there and wait for somebody to come along or to die, whichever comes first.

It would have been easier somehow if that blamed table hadn't been there starin' down at me. Got so I thought it was a-winkin' at me. I was sure there was a smirk in the smile of sunlight off its top edge. Dumb table -- if it hadn't

a-been there, who knows? If my head hadn't gotten that knock, I mighta been able to call for help:

Yeah, that second day was pretty awful. After that, it got better. You get kind of quiet-like and waitin'-like. Grew more patience in those few days than I had in all my sixty-odd years that went before. It didn't matter after a while about the thirst. Body didn't hurt so bad neither.

but I can't seem to get over that damned table. Would like a hammer right this minute -- I'd smash it into a million tiny pieces. Then see if it would be so high-falutin' -- lookin' down on me day and night in my travail -- damned piece of glass!

They tell me that even this will go with time. I'll be above such earthly concerns. Be all spiritual-like and pure -- not succumb to petty angers. Well, mebbe so; I won't say never, 'cause I've lived (heh!) to eat a lot of words, but I can't see the day comin' when I wouldn't tear that table up if I got half achance.

Well, we'll see. The way it works is after I been here a while, I get sent back. To help out and all. And then, who knows? Maybe I will be above all those -- what? oh yeah, petty angers. But mebbe not. And I know just where my hammer is right now. Still in my workshop desk -- middle drawer. Gonna stay there awhile too til that ol' biddy and my nephew finish squabblin' over my money. If I'm all patient and saintly (heh! heh!) when I get back, so be it. But, if not. Ha! I'll get that blamed glass abomination yet.

You just see if I don't!

Janice L. Mitchell-Love

BECOMING

Sun shining through the trees,
Perfect lattice symmetry,
Doves taking leave of my weary head,
Grace the sky like lacy thread.
Angel fire gave birth to my Soul,
Flesh begat spirit - becoming whole,
Candles encircled my body now free,
Floated from Womb of white tapestry.
Baptized by Fire -Full immersion,
Catalyst - Dark Saintly conversion,
Becoming - Prophet, Pagan, Priest,
Agony, Wisdom, Passion - Unleashed!
Stallions unfettered - freed to the ground!
Hooves tearing earth - thunderous sound!
Praying, Worshipping, kneeling I found --
Sweating, tormented, - sorrow Unbound!
Becoming the Sun, Becoming the Moon,
Becoming the Stars in the Heavens - too soon,
Becoming the Temple, the altar, the Wine,
Becoming dust before my time.
Becoming words - with Reason and Rhyme,
Becoming - and going - to seek and to find.

Stacey Nance

WELCOME HOME!

YELLOW RIBBONS SHINE FROM TREE AND
CAR.

OUR TROOPS ARE HOME FROM CONFLICT
AFAR.

OUT OF THE STORM, A PEACE NOW BEGUN,
WON WITH THE MIGHT OF AMERICA'S GUNS.

WE HAVE THE FLAGS TO WELCOME YOU
HOME,

BACK TO THE SHORES, WHERE YOU BELONG.

BACK TO OUR ARMS, TO SHOW YOU WE CARE,
HOME FROM THE DESERT, THE HEAT AND
THE SUN.

BACK TO YOUR FAMILIES, COMPLETE ONCE
AGAIN,

TO JOBS AND DREAMS AND CIRCLES OF
FRIENDS.

BUT AS WE UNITE, WITH PATRIOTS' JOYS,
REMEMBER TO GIVE A FEW MOMENTS PAUSE
FOR THOUGHTS OF OTHER SOLDIERS, NO LESS
BRAVE,
WHO FACED AGGRESSORS NO LESS GRAVE,
AND
PAID THEIR PRICE, SO COSTLY AND VAIN.
THINK OF THOSE WHO CAME HOME THEN
TO UNDESERVED CURSES AND JEERS AND
SHAME,
AND THE THOUSANDS MORE WHO NEVER
CAME.
SO LET'S HAVE PARADES AND SPEECHES AND
BANDS,
AND MUSIC OF MARCHES AND CLAPPING OF
HANDS.

BUT THINK TO SHARE YOUR HERO'S RETURN
WITH THE UNSUNG HEROES OF VIET NAM.

STELLA SUTTER

NIGHT TERRORS

curled up in the fetal position-coiled and
ready to spring,

garbled torment reaches my ears.

eyelids snap to attention;

the sound of a window shade

suddenly released.

barbie doll

with bendable limbs

and open & close eyes.

- Paula Culver

LIFE

Why are you so hard? each step I take you double.
Why is it every day is filled with trouble?
Why do you insist on making everything blue?
Is there another road that I can choose?
Why is it that time just won't slow down?
Why is it that I can't plant my feet on solid ground?
Why is it sunny today and tomorrow it's pouring down?
Why is it so hard for some and not others?
Why can't we all be brothers and love one another?
Why is it today you're here---tomorrow you could be gone?
Why if time is so fast it's taking me so long?
Why is it that you hate?
Why is it that you steal?
Why is it that some children don't have decent meals?
Why is it politicians are now liars and cheats?
Why is it that we now poison what we eat?
Why is it mister that you abuse your kids and wife?
Why?
because that is life.

Chris Williams

Lament

I went along just for the ride,
Drowning in love's dark tide,
Emotions rolling, distant thunder,
Tried to break the spell I'm under.
Melody moments sparked to few,
Memories fade like morning dew,
Shimmering heartache, etched in glass,
The summer disappeared, too fast.
Emerald envy, moon so bright,
Topaz
Diamond
Malachite
Stars struck down their spidery light,
Sentinels in a magic night.
Oh, what went wrong in our Idyll Wild?
Release in the Sinner! Drown the Child!
To the bottom of Life's Lake I went,
Alas! This must be Love's Lament.

Stacey Nance

LUST

Your body

My body

Heat

Fire

Ectasy!

-Vickie Hannah

A Testament to Progress

I have looked out from the rooftop of the world
And seen only valleys
Of glass and steel.

The land before my eyes lies stripped and
barren

Fertile no more . . .

A Testament to Progress

But where does this road Progress lead?

Forward--Backward,

Or simply in tireless circles?

Having pondered many hours, I find no rhyme
Nor reason, nor method
To this madness most men call Progress.
I remember as a child my grandfathers telling
me
Of wonderful sights seen
When they too were children.
In the same thought I wonder is I will be able
To tell my grandchildren
Anything at all.

Or will that,
In itself be,
The Final Testament to Progress.

Chris Williams

The Teachable Moment

Come the Dawn.....

Bleeding across the vast Wilderness

The Curtain of Darkness unfolds,

Softly revealing....

Adam and Eve

Crouching nakedly in the Garden

Lamenting the Fall!

The lesson learned at the

End of a Flaming Sword.

Our eyes closed tightly against the Sun,

The sea and its Eternal onslaught,

The ebb and tide of Truth,

We view the World through,

cracks in our skull.

The sands of Time falling through

the fissures in our minds,

We stand on the steps outside

the Palace of Wisdom

Beating endlessly on the Door.

And then-----Silence.....

In the Teachable Moment.

Time and Tide stand still

The World Holds its breath,

And we awaken.

The sands of Sleep are painlessly
rubbed from our eyes----Sent back to Eternity.

We hold the Candle of Evermore,

Illuminating the Halls of Knowledge,

The flame of Wisdom reflected in
our eyes,

We are embracing and embraced

In the Teachable Moment.....

inspired by Angeline Battle

Stacey Nance

For Those Who Go Down To The Sea

I get a yearning deep inside
To watch the changing of the tide.
It happens periodically
And I go down to see the sea.

I walk the sands along the shore
And watch the seagulls dive and soar.
Listen to the waves roll in
And synchronize some beat within.

I feel the salt air cleanse my mind
Of muddled thoughts and leave behind
The busy-ness of everyday
And let imagination play.

The breakers wash the sandy beach.
The pipers run just out of reach.
The rhythm of the waves will stay
to measure out another day

And another, on and on
Even after I am gone.
The depth and breadth of endless sea
Helps me grasp infinity

And make my troubles seem so small
When viewed against the overall.
It gives perspective to my day
And melts my little cares away.

When I go home, how can it be
That I forget tranquility.
Again my troubles seem so rife
And busy-ness invades my life

Then that yearning deep inside
To watch the changing of the tide
Returns and I must go to be
Again beside the sea.

Margaret Morgan

Freedom

I.

who can live here
inside foaming curl and striations
cold.sharp.perpetual arching beauty?
this place:
where resonant waters spill
swell. roll over & over,
sending sudden thunder
to one ear of anticipation
rushing forward, sleeping back flat
beckoning & pulling sand out from under feet.
salty lips. offshore wind.
space of two horizons, on up - one wide, meeting.

II.

no freedom comes without focus
truth breathes where contradiction & reality
intersect in lives:
stretching toward imagination
remembering the future
running a finger
over some tangled polished mass
driftwood and roots bleached by time & sun
scattered across this shoreline - punctuation - memories
and dreams.

can it be past?
when coursing in the pulse of living history
in the ringing of echoes
when casting a shadow
while joy & pain shimmer on its surface?
it is possible the future looks like this.

III.

who struggles
up through the canyons from the sea
waiting to smell the sweetforest floor
tiny softred needles?
massive columns of heartwood & dry furry bark
soar toward a canopy of wispy green branches
painted against bright blue.
creeks jump rock & spin around
fallen giants
with a twist & gurgle
trembling at new direction, tension
intervention
never held back, no permanent arrangement
seeking sounds and promises,
forever, a moment. then gone.

IV.

a scarlet word drifting, propelled by currents & jetties
find tides & cycles beyond, held

in the basin of the earth's palm
where perfection remains, changing hands.
not only a question of when
to invent the impossible. from here. then.
imagine imagining from there where
horizons & reality, cruel & certain, cross.
rain is born. hurricanes gather. water spouts rise.
dolphins speak & humpbacks sing. seahorses wave.
the other ear of anticipation.
today, the day before tomorrow.

Annie McCombs

THE WISHING STONE

The reflection of the moon trembles
from the wake of my wishing stone.

My wish goes out in ripples across the
lake

as its courier sinks to the bottom.

The fish are probably looking on
unimpressed.

The man in the moon seemed to have
taken more interest,

his expression wavering in the water at
my request.

Drivers slow down as they pass,

questioning my sanity on the lakeside at
such an hour.

They fathom about as much as they fish,
little do they know I'm a man so
powerful

as to make wishes that move the moon.

We'll keep it a secret just between

me and my wishing stone and the man in
the moon.

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